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THE BIRTHDAY MOTTO.

Isaac Bourne had a good position and high wages in a large factory; he had long since thrown off the restraints of outward piety, and had become a reviler of God's Word, a Sabbath-breaker, and, so far as he could without losing his situation, a drunkard.

One Sunday evening, as the family were seated round the tea-table, the children began showing some little text-books given them at the Sunday-school, to which their mother (not with their father's good wishes) sent them regularly. They looked for, and repeated, with delight, the texts which fell on their several birthdays. Isaac amused himself at the children's eagerness, though he could not resist uttering a sneer at every text they read.

"I've a birthday, too, sometimes," said he, with pretended gravity. "Wife, what day of the month was I born? do ye remember?"

Mrs. Bourne named the day, and her husband took the little book from Lizzie with a laugh. "We shall see now what nonsense it says to me," he cried, as the little girl timidly leaned upon his shoulder; "I don't see why I shouldn't choose a birthday motto as well as the rest of you. So here goes—twenty-fifth of March—now I have it." And he read aloud: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

As these solemn words passed the scoffer's lips, he strove hard to despise them, but in vain. They were stronger than he, simply because God the Almighty used them as His sword; and although he said nothing, poor Elizabeth began to hope—I had almost said to believe—that her husband's conscience was at last awake.

She was right. Conscience was aroused; and more than that, conviction followed. The man sat through the rest of the evening, strangely silent, beside the fire, and pondered over the words of that terrible text.

Coming downstairs very quickly, when the children were in bed, Mrs. Bourne surprised her husband with the text-book in one hand and the Word of God in the other. He had been trying to find out that there was some mistake, but it would not do. There it stood, plain and true, and forcible as right words always are—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"Be not deceived!" He had been that, how long? Wilfully blind! And now,

at last, after all these years, when his eyes were opened, was it not too late? "God is not mocked!" He had forgotten that, too, all his days! Fool that he was, he had supposed that he could even, by his clever wit, cast ridicule upon the Most High! Was it not useless to expect pardon for such vile offences as this? Could the blood of Jesus wash away sins so great? Surely not! Did

Bourne, according to custom, prepared to read a chapter.

"Shall I read aloud, Isaac, to-night?" she asked, a few minutes later.

"As you please," was the reply; and Elizabeth, opening at the first Epistle of John, read without interruption, till she came to the words, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins,

"Well, then, I who have hated God, and defied Him, and got drunk, and told lies, and sworn, and been savage to you and them"—here he pointed toward the room in which the children slept—"must reap the fruit of it!"

"Yes," replied Elizabeth, "if you will not repent, and confess your sin, and seek pardon and cleansing through Jesus Christ, it must be so. Let us read the text next to your motto, 'For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.' Do you see how the one explains the other? To confess your sins and implore pardon for Jesus' sake, is to sow to the Spirit; to seek after holiness in Jesus is to sow to the Spirit; and the fruit of this is life everlasting."

"But the past! What can blot that out, or prevent my reaping the accursed fruit of it?"

"Christ both can and will wash away your stain," urged Elizabeth. "Hear His own Word spoken by Isaiah: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool;' and, as I read in the first Epistle of John, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"Well, you're right, I suppose, but it seems too wonderful for me to understand."

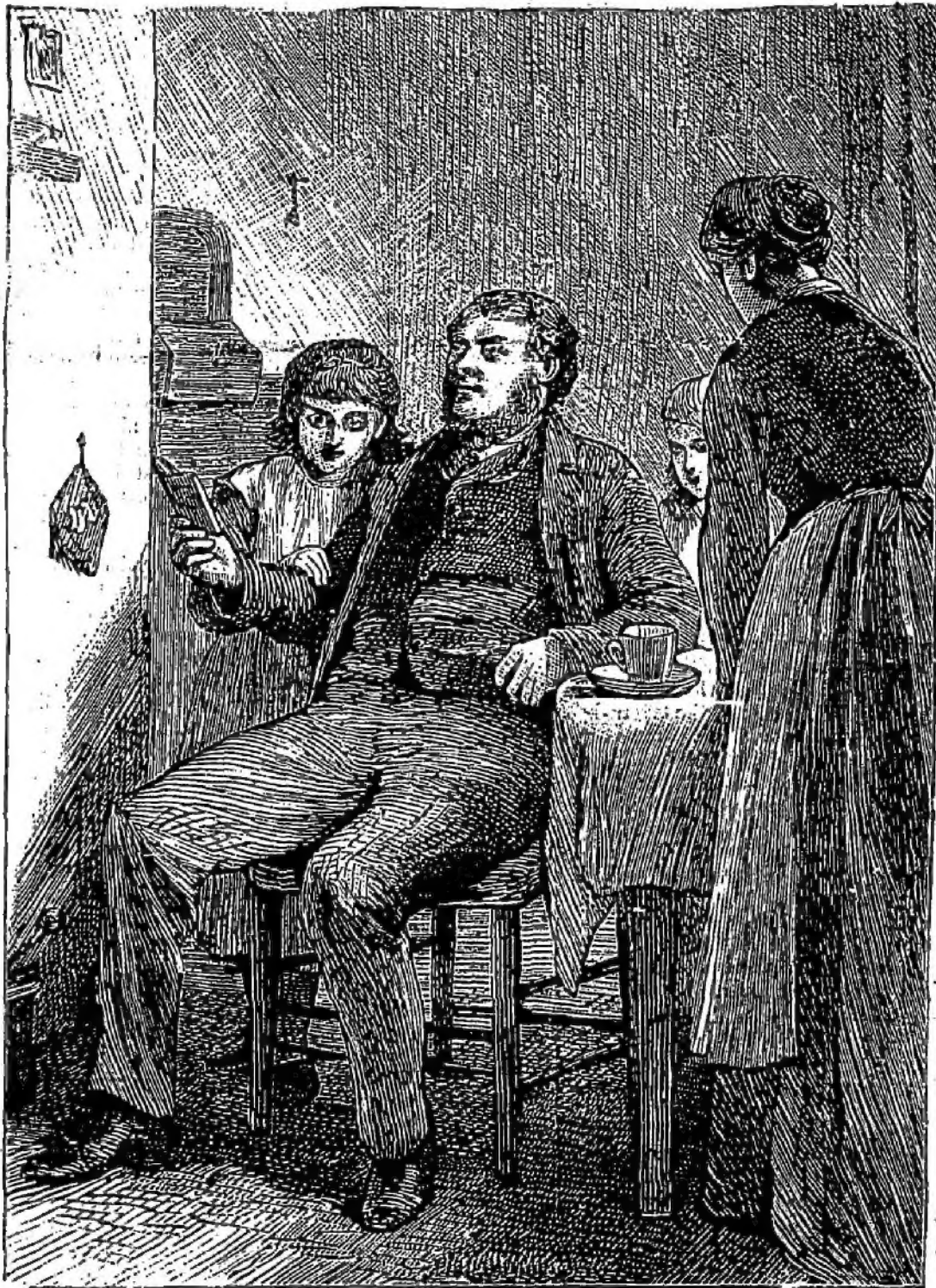
"Do not try, then, to understand it, Only believe."

"Ah, that's just what I'd like to do. I can think it's all true for you, Lizzie; for myself I cannot! You must pray for me, aloud if you like; and then leave me here by myself."

His wife obeyed. In ten minutes from that time he was alone with God, while Elizabeth, in the upper room, continued her supplications for him. Torn by doubts and fears, Isaac sat till long after midnight, with the Bible upon his knees, and an intense longing after peace with God in his once rebellious heart. What transpired in that time is known only to himself and Heaven. The year's actions stand forth as witnesses that a great and good

work was accomplished; and his now happy wife looks back to that night as the turning-point in his career.

May Isaac Bourne's experience rouse us to a prayerful consideration of the truth contained in that birthday motto, "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Friendly Visitor.



not the text say, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap?"

Sitting down by her husband, Elizabeth, Bourne looked steadily into the fire, and waited. All that evening she had been praying for him—sometimes even with tears; and her heart's desire was to be made useful to him now. Hours went by, and Mrs.

and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "Is that true do you think?" asked her husband, suddenly.

"Surely, yes. It is God's own Word," replied Elizabeth, "and His Word is truth."

"But my motto—the text I read this evening—says that a man reaps what he sows." "Exactly."



Temperance Department.

ROSA LEIGHTON.

BY MRS. M. F. MARTIN.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

What should she do? Once again she appealed to her husband, but was met only by unkind words, and when she told him that they must look for a cheaper dwelling, he seemed perfectly satisfied, and said that he would attend to that.

The next morning at breakfast he abruptly told her that he had rented two rooms, and had made arrangements to sell what furniture they did not need. Mrs. Leighton could scarcely express her surprise. "Why, Frank," she said, "need we go so soon?"

"Yes, to-day; so just choose what you want to keep to furnish two rooms, and I'll take care of the rest. I have debts to pay, and I must have the money."

"But, Frank, if you take the money that is paid us for this furniture, how can we live? One month's rent must be paid before we leave, and we have nothing to depend upon but that."

"I'll see that the rent is paid, and I must pay one month's rent in advance for the rooms I have taken, and after that there will be barely enough to pay what I owe. I tell you I want the money, and am going to have it, so hurry and choose what you want or I'll sell everything;" and without another word Mr. Leighton left the house.

Sick at heart, his wife bowed her head upon her hands; but this was no time for inaction; she must rouse herself, and, almost unconsciously, she breathed a silent prayer for help to Him who, her little Rosa had said, cared for her. Rosa was not in the room when her father had told of his arrangements, and her mother dreaded to break the news to her; but this must be done too, so calling her to her she told her of the change in their home, shielding, as much as possible, the author of this new trial.

The cheerful spirit in which Rosa received the intelligence, gave her mother fresh courage, and together they planned and worked until toward noon, by which time everything was in readiness, and none too soon, for scarcely had all their arrangements been completed, when they heard a waggon stop at the door, and Mr. Leighton entered the house with another man.

He harshly ordered his wife to let the man have the things she had chosen to keep, and then walk herself with Rosa to their rooms in Birch's Court.

"Birch's Court!" the very name grated harshly on Mrs. Leighton's still sensitive ear. Had it indeed come to this? Was she to live in a court? she who once raised her dress daintily when crossing such places, imagining the very contact with poverty a disgrace? But their home was reached, and she found her rooms to be on the ground floor, where the sun shone in brightly, and she doubted not that when the familiar furniture should have been arranged, their new home would seem really homelike.

The ragged children of the neighborhood crowded around the door, their curiosity excited by the sight of blind Rosa, who still held closely Birdie in his cage. Fearing that some rude remarks might be made about her poor afflicted little daughter, Mrs. Leighton closed the door, and together she and Rosa waited for the waggon that was to bring their furniture. It came soon, and the driver, with the help of Mr. Leighton, who had walked from the house, soon deposited its scanty load in the rooms. Scanty indeed it looked, for although Mrs. Leighton had thought that she had reserved barely what was necessary for their comfort, her husband had thought her extravagant, and had sold several pieces of furniture that she would have kept, but which, he knew, would add considerably to the amount he was to receive for the rest. Suspecting the truth at once, she said nothing, knowing too well that the most gentle remonstrances would only be an excuse for words of anger and profanity.

At once, with the little help Rosa could give, she proceeded to give their rooms a look of home. White curtains that had once been in Rosa's nursery, subdued the sunlight that streamed through the windows, and a few books on the table, a bright carpet on the floor, a cheerful fire in the stove, with a tasteful arrangement of their limited supply of furniture, soon transformed the comfortless room into one really pleasant and cheerful, and it was well that it had that look, for henceforth it must serve as a parlor, kitchen, dining, and all but sleeping room.

Having arranged both rooms as well as she could, Mrs. Leighton sat down, and drawing Rosa to a seat upon her knee, pressed her close to her heart, and remained silent for a long time.

At length Rosa broke the silence by saying, "Mamma, we could be very happy here."

"Yes, darling. I know we could, if papa—but no, I won't say that; we will try to make our home so pleasant, Rosa dear, that papa will love to stay with us. But where have you put Birdie? His cage must hang in the window; you know I told you that I had hung your nursery curtains there."

"Yes, mamma, I would like him to be there, but please don't hang his cage very high, for I can't reach it."

"Mamma," said Rosa, as they resumed their seats, after arranging Birdie's cage, "what kind of a street are we living in, isn't it narrow? I felt that it was as we came up, and are there not a great many boys and girls here? I could hear them talking."

"Yes, Rosa, this is a very narrow street, and now, as Birdie is singing so sweetly, there is quite a crowd of boys and girls outside the window listening to him."

"I am glad of that; perhaps they haven't any Birdies of their own, and he will help to make them happy."

As night came on the mother and daughter still sat alone, waiting for him who should have been their earthly protector; but it was not until long after Rosa had gone to bed that Mrs. Leighton, still watching so anxiously by the fire, and planning some way by which she could earn something to support the family, now that she must give up all hope of her husband doing anything for them, heard his unsteady steps approaching the house. As he entered the room she saw that he was more entirely under the influence of liquor than he had been for months. Alas! too well she guessed the truth; having paid, as he promised, the rent due for their last home, and in advance for their present rooms, he had entered a tavern, feeling more independent than he had for a long time; for lately, as his account ran higher and higher, the tavern-keeper had begun to treat him coldly, and had even hinted once or twice that he must go somewhere else for liquor.

Now he could pay, and be treated as a gentleman; and with great show he asked for his bill; it was handed to him, and having paid it, at once the tavern-keeper's manner toward him changed; no one could have been more polite and attentive; and flattered by his treatment, Mr. Leighton drank glass after glass, treating and being treated, until toward morning he left the tavern penniless; all the proceeds of the sale of the furniture gone, and he, a poor drunkard.

Oh, Eleanor Leighton! on that New Year day you tried to hide from the world and yourself the fact that your husband was in danger of becoming a drunkard; what do you call him now, as he reels into the house, and without an approving glance at the room that you have rendered as attractive as possible for him, staggers across it, and entering the inner room throws himself upon the bed, and is soon in a deep drunken sleep? His entering has disturbed the slumbers of dear little Rosa, who is asleep on a cot beside the bed, and dreaming, perchance, of the sunny days of long ago, she murmured, "Papa, my darling papa," and nestles down again to find perfect peace in forgetfulness of the dark sorrow that clouds her young life.

As the weeks passed, Mrs. Leighton sought and obtained work from a neighboring clothing-store, and by untiring industry and the closest economy contrived to keep the family from absolute want.

But on this bright New Year, five years from the time our story opens, we look in vain for our friends in their cheerful little rooms.

As year after year passed, Mr. Leighton, sinking lower and lower dragged with him

his wife and child, down into the lowest depths of poverty. Of course, it was impossible for Mrs. Leighton to support the family and pay even the small sum asked for their rooms, so they had been obliged to move what little furniture they had—for much had been sold from time to time to supply their wants—into one room in the garret of the tenement-house in which they lived.

Here on this New Year we find them, instead of in the abode of wealth and luxury where five years ago we made their acquaintance. Mounting the rickety staircase, we pause in the narrow entry before the half-open door. Mr. Leighton is not there; but Mrs. Leighton, whom we could scarcely recognize did we not know that it was she, stands beside a wash-tub in a room almost destitute of furniture. As she busily washes, a tear occasionally steals down her care-worn cheek, yet she tries to speak cheerfully to Rosa, who is sitting beside her talking to her little Birdie.

"Now, Birdie, I am going to put you in your cage again."

"I wouldn't, Rosa, darling, if I were you; sit still and talk to him a little while."

"Why, mamma, I have been talking to him ever so long, and now, you know, I want to finish that tidy that you tell me I have made so nicely, so that when you take home that washing you can try to sell it. So, shall I not put Birdie in his cage?"

"Yes, darling;" and the mother turns away her face that she may not witness the disappointment that she knows is in store for Rosa.

The little girl—little yet, although thirteen years old, and as innocent and child-like as when she nestled in her uncle's arms five years ago—kisses her little Birdie and walks toward the low window where she had yesterday hung his gilded cage. Alas! she feels for it in vain. In its place hangs a broken wooden one, so old that were not Birdie the best of birds, it would not be safe to trust him in it.

"Oh, mamma!" she cries, "where—" and then she checks herself; too well she guesses the truth, and throwing herself into her mother's arms, she sobs aloud.

Mrs. Leighton, too, has guessed the truth. Last evening she had to go for the clothes which she was to wash, leaving her husband, who had come in again almost immediately after going out, apparently asleep, with his head resting upon the table, but when she returned he was gone, and looking up to Birdie, who moved uneasily in his cage as if disturbed in his sleep, she had seen the change which she knew would be such a blow to poor little Rosa, who had prized the gilded cage as Uncle George's last New Year gift to her and Birdie.

She had not seen her poor unhappy husband, who as soon as she had left the room had stolen cautiously to the window, and with his eye glancing suspiciously at Rosa, lest he should disturb her slumbers, had taken the old cage from a hiding-place, and then taking Birdie from his pretty home, had transferred him to this one that he had found among some rubbish on a vacant lot. Once, as Birdie fluttered, Rosa had murmured in her sleep, "Hush, Birdie," and her father started back, but the prize was too great, and he must run any risk; so, hastily hanging up the old cage, he concealed the gilded one under his ragged coat and hastened to the tavern, where an hour ago he had been refused trust for a glass of whiskey.

Now, on this New Year morning, Birdie's gilded cage hangs empty above the bar, and Mr. Leighton, having satisfied for a time his appetite from the proceeds of his last evening's sale, loafs around the alley-ways and the corners of the streets, afraid or ashamed to go home, lest he might see something in Rosa's face that should touch his not quite hardened heart.

(To be Continued.)

"TAKE ME ON SHORE!"

The son of a good and zealous minister took to drinking and ran away from home as a sailor. Months of ocean life in the society of the fore-castle made him more reckless than ever. In habits, morals, beliefs, affections—everything—he was "all aloft." The vessel that bore him anchored in an African port to discharge and take in cargo. In one of their trips to and from shore the sailors brought back a little native boy. He had some kind of curious instrument, and could make music on it, with singular skill, and the sailors had persuaded

him to come on board that they might exhibit him to their companions.

He stayed a long time, and played on his instrument to the great entertainment of the crew. They were disposed to make quite a lion of him, but at last he grew uneasy.

"Take me on shore now," he said.

"Oh, no," replied the sailors, "we can't spare you yet."

"But I must go," insisted the little negro.

"Why, what's your hurry?"

"I'll tell you. A missionary has come where I live, and he's going to preach to-night. I heard him once, and he told about Jesus Christ, and I want to hear him tell some more about Him."

The rough sailors smiled, but they could not resist such entreaty, and immediately rowed the boy ashore.

There was one on board whose conscience the little African's last reply sorely disturbed. It was the thoughtless boy who had run away from a Christian home. "Here I am," he thought, "a son of an English minister, who have known about Jesus Christ all my life, and yet my knowledge has made less impression on me than a single Christian sermon has made upon this poor little heathen."

Self-condemned and distressed, he retired that night to his hammock. There the truths and counsels he had so often heard at home came rushing into his memory. He had been too well-instructed not to know the way of life. He began to pray. His prayer was heard, for it was sincere. By it he was led to accept and consecrate himself to the Saviour whom he had so long rejected.

There was joy in that English parsonage when the prodigal returned. There was purer joy over him in heaven among the angels of God.

The reclaimed prodigal is now an earnest worker in the temperance cause and other good movements.—*Band of Hope Review.*

A PROBLEM.

Here is a little temperance arithmetic for our young folks. Who will work it out?

Intoxicating liquors cost every year, \$600,000,000. If as much more is lost by wasted time, shortened lives, men and material misemployed, what is the total loss by intoxicating liquors? How much would it be in ten years? How many churches could you build with this sum at \$20,000 each? How many school houses at \$5,000? How many homes for the poor at \$2,000? How many Bibles could be sent to the heathen at 50 cents each? How missionaries at \$800? How many towns could have a \$5,000 library? Would there be hard times if all this money was spent aright?—*S. S. Messenger.*

HOW WELL ALCOHOL keeps out cold from the system! In France, recently, a doctor made some experiments on pigs, to find out what were the effects of alcohol on the body, of taking spirits continuously in large doses. Various kinds of alcohol were tried, potato spirit, spirits of wine, spirits distilled from grain, and from molasses, and also absinthe. Sleepiness, prostration, and want of appetite, were the symptoms chiefly noticed, though, at the same time the animals grew fat and heavy. But what will interest you most to hear in this connection, is, that these pigs were unable to resist cold; and in order to keep them alive during the severe frost of two winters ago in France, the daily doses of alcohol had to be discontinued, or else these "tippling pigs" would have died of cold. An eye witness, who had seen some of the most dreadful scenes that the world has shown in our time—battlefields and slaughter—said that he had never witnessed anything more horrible than the scenes he saw in the Glasgow police-cells on a Saturday night. There are three different cells for people in different stages of drunkenness, and those who are brought in dead drunk are laid before large fires, which are kept up all night for the purpose. They are laid there to prevent them from dying of cold; for so powerful is the chilling effect of alcohol when taken in poisonous quantities, that persons dead drunk may actually die of cold if not artificially warmed.—*Signal.*

It is not so much the great preachers, and writers, and actors who move and change the world as the good people, the people of prayer, of faith, of good works.—*Catholic Review.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

EVERY DAY.

BY SUSAN COLLINGS.

Every day when the morning breaks,
The beautiful morning, fresh and new,
And, touched by the sun, the ocean takes
A softer silver, a deeper blue;
And the glad birds sing with a joy re-born,
And rustle the trees in the breeze of morn:

I rise and I wash my body clean
In purest water, to put away
And make as though it had never been
The fret and the soil of yesterday,
For I find would share in the freshening
Which makes of each new day a new thing.

Would partake in the baptism of the dew,
With the heliotrope and sweet woodbine,
With the bright-faced pansies washed anew
And the starry buds on the myrtle vine,
With the sparrow roses upon their trees,
And be fragrant and fair and pure as these.

So I brush my hair and I order my dress
With delicate touches, as if to try
By sign and symbol to express
Some inward and scrupulous purity,
The invisible shown by the visibly seen,
But a voice still whispers: "Unclean! Unclean!"

Ah! hand and foot may be pure and white,
Fresh as a flower be the outward whole,
But covered and hidden away from sight
Is the deep, deep soil in the sinful soul,
And rivers of water will not all avail
To wash it and make it clean again.

Fire cannot burn it away, or kill
(Else I might even endure the fire!);
Effort or striving of mine were still
A fruitless labor, a vain desire.
Scourer, Thou only canst cleanse and cure;
Wash us, O Lord, and make me pure.
— N. Y. Independent.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?

The question at the head of this article is going the rounds of the newspapers, and receiving all sorts of answers, according to the opinions of the various writers who discuss its merits. It does not seem a very difficult question to answer. In the first place, don't turn your girls into women before their time, by assigning them too much stimulating diet or putting on long tight dresses and patent pads, which belong to the middle age rather than to girlhood. Don't give your girls too many accomplishments while they are girls. Let them begin gradually to acquire those accomplishments which are necessary to make a sufficient womanhood, but reserving some to be acquired after maturity, taking that time devoted to their acquirement to giving them a thorough knowledge of their own organization and some knowledge of work. No matter how rich you are, train your girls to do useful labor, not because it is necessary for their maintenance, perhaps, but because it is necessary for their happiness. A very large proportion of the joy and pleasure of life comes from work in its different forms. A life devoted to pleasure soon becomes miserable; but pleasure mingled with useful labor gladdens to our happiness.

Not only should girls be taught useful work, but they should also be thoroughly educated in all of those branches which are useful in making life perfect; music, painting, drawing, etc., and all of the accomplishments which are especially suitable to the female sex; and if a girl should have special aptitude in one of these directions let her become proficient in it. It is not necessary, however, to crowd their studies with too many early ages, and before they have sufficient maturity of mind to appreciate them. There is one point of special interest connected with the early training of girls, and that is the subject of dress. They are scarcely in their teens before we change their short dresses, with short waists and buttons to long skirts, supported on the hips, and corsets, so that they are unable to take the necessary amount of exercise for their full and complete physical development. They are even told that it is unhealthy to romp and play as they do in their earlier years, now they must be sedate and not girls. This is a very serious error. As long as a girl is

a girl, and so long as she is a living being, she needs to be so dressed that she can exercise with ease and freedom on all occasions. This fault of early changing the girl's dress for the woman's alters the shape of every one, limits development—strophing and cramping the abdominal and spinal muscles, as well as developing them. A woman needs more than a perfect play of all the muscles of the chest and back, including the diaphragm and abdominal muscles, and this is impossible in the ordinary woman's costume, no matter how it may be made. It is very true that civilized and ignorant people are for many centuries have compressed the feminine waist. The Greeks did not do it, and hence we look to them for physical perfection of women. Another error is the use of the veil and glove. Both protect from the rays of the sun and give to the face and hands a color very similar to that of a potato vine growing in the cellar. The blood needs the effect of the sunlight, acting directly on the skin, and the more it can be exposed to the air and sun the more perfect will the complexion be. We have at present a very imperfect standard of a beautiful complexion. A pale, white and anemic one is supposed to be more beautiful than a ruddy one. Could any mistake be greater? If you have a feeble girl give her a good deal of outdoor life. Give her a horse, a boat, a bow and arrow—any kind of instrument that can be used with safety in the open air. Many a feeble girl has been developed into a robust one by learning to row, and going out upon the lake and river for hours at a time to indulge in such pleasures as her mind may conceive. The horse is almost as good as a boat.

Let us give our daughters a scientific education. It is just as useful for them as for our sons. Then they would cease to read many novels, which only excite that part of their nature already too well developed. The knowledge of various sciences would remove the danger of sentimentalism. Novel reading develops the sentimental, the emotional sides of their nature. A study of the sciences would develop the more cold, self-reliant, womanly character. Much more might be said. We will only add, so far as possible fit them to the duties of life which are almost sure to come to them after they become mature. Thus will they become more charming as daughters, more useful as women, more happy as mothers.—Housekeeper.

IRONING DOUBLE.

"Years ago a young lady went into a friend's family for a few weeks, to help in a time of sickness. A kind and sensible woman, relative of the family, passed by the ironing board of the girl, and watched her as she carefully smoothed every wrinkle on both sides of every article, then said quaintly, "Dear child, you must learn to iron double." The young girl laughed lightly and merrily, thinking the remark as a good joke. Years after, when she was a matron with many cares, she met again the now aged lady, and after the first affectionate greeting, said, with simple pathos which could be fully understood only by those who knew something of the history of her weary life, "Dear aunt F., I have learned to iron double!" Here was where the moral comes in. Make it before it is too late.

I would commend the example of the young lady teacher, who when unpacking her trunk was told by the lady where she was to board where she could find closet room for her dresses. She smiled and she held up a great deal of closet room. This one I have on is for school, this one for church and company, and the third in case of an accident to my school dress." I would also urge that every woman dress comfortably about her person. I have seen a lady suffering around with tight fitting corsets and high-heeled, narrow-soled boots, wondering why she could not do her work with as much ease as her friend across the way, who tripped lightly around, her feet shod with wide-soled, low-heeled, open-ankle boots. What do you suppose could have been the reason?—Household.

TO CLEAN a tea or coffee pot that has become discolored inside, put into it a teaspoonful of saleratus and fill two-thirds full of water, and let it boil two hours. Wash and rinse well before using.

REFLECTIONS ON OUTHOUSES.

The farm outhouses, in three cases out of four, are an unmitigated nuisance alike to comfort and to health. In the barn, when the structure is near the house, or in the shed when not, the vault is usually so open to the wind that there is always a strong upward draft which, in addition to its discomfort, suggests at all times the locality of the place, often at a distance. The danger to the physical health of a portion of the household—where such conditions exist—is only too well known by those informed on the subject. As a rule, when the barn, it receives the same attention as the manure heaps, which are only cleared away in spring. Where the barbarous vault is a necessity, the arrangement can be made respectable by the outlay of a very little money and time. Tightness is the first consideration. Let the ventilating shaft be large enough and open to the atmosphere at the top to be of some service. Have a tight fitting door at the bottom, opening upward, and fastening when closed with a good strong wooden button. Then build a stout wooden box of two-inch yellow pine, set a pair of strong chains on the bottom, for stretching, and to serve as runners, and then fasten a big iron ring in the end by which to haul the affair out at stated times, and the arrangement is complete. A barrel or two of good dry loam should stand near, and every few days some one should be required to spend perhaps five minutes in covering the surface of the heap completely from view. Whitewash should be used occasionally on the woodwork of the vault, and lime sprinkled over the ground when the box is removed (a horse can be employed in the removal). If this is done, the house can be made as comfortable as a city affair; it will be odorless and more conducive to health, as that city fief, sewer gas, will not be known.—N. Y. Tribune.

LEMON FOR BREAKFAST.—This deliciously appetizing fruit needs only a trial to make it a favorite with all. Take the yellow rind and the white with it, and with a very sharp, thin silver fruit knife cut it into exceedingly thin slices. Arrange them tastefully upon a glass plate, strew a little powdered sugar over them, and eat with a roll, and I think you will find them as palatable as orange. They are nice with fish, salted or fresh. When the fish is served, squeeze a little lemon juice over it, and it will remove the unpleasant odor of the fish that is nauseating to a delicate stomach. The dish may be garnished with bits of lemon, and a lemon cut in quarters may be passed to each person, that they may have a little additional juice to their dish of fish. This is particularly nice when, with the advent of spring, the appetite becomes rather capricious. The prunella, or pilose prune, is a tart fruit, that is very nice when stewed with the addition of a little sugar. Banana cut in thin slices, and eaten with cream and powdered sugar, are also delightful.

FOR GINGER SNARE the best way is to boil the molasses five minutes, add the butter, ginger, and spice, stir well together, and remove from the fire. To a pint of molasses allow a generous half cup of butter, a heaping teaspoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of clove, cinnamon and salt, and a heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolve in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Cool a little and stir in flour enough to make a stiff dough. Knead just enough to make it smooth, roll thin—a sandwich in a minute—cut and bake in a quick oven. When cold they should be crisp and very nice.

SOME CHILDREN have a rude and unamiable habit of breaking in upon the conversation of older persons with questions and remarks of their own. It is very unkind to do so. So, too, among your own brothers and sisters and schoolmates of your own age, let them speak without interrupting. If one begins to tell a story or bring news, let him finish it; and, if he makes mistakes that ought to be corrected, do it afterward. Don't be an interrupter.

HASH made of two parts potato, one part corn beef, and one part beef, is an appetizing dish for breakfast. Boil the potatoes, and be careful to be boiled the day before; chop them and the best fine, season with butter, pepper, and salt, and some hot vinegar and mustard may be added if you choose.

A SMALL PIECE of salt pork boiled with fried chicken will give richness to the gravy, and the flavor will be better than if nothing but butter is used.

PUZZLES.

RIDDLE.

I am constantly changing, I'm always the same;
I am several things with the very same name;
One or more, when on duty I can both walk and talk;
Inanimate, speechless, I run, but can't walk;
I am shunned by the craters whose business is crime—
My hands point out plainly the steps of time;
All day over many a heart am I kept—
At night into many a recess I've crept;
I am oftentimes prized for my jewels and dross,
Though traces of time may be seen on my face;
No matter how fine the truth must be told,
I am a second-hand article always when sold;
I am faithful, and placed over everything dear,
A duty, though plain, much neglected, I fear.

A solemn command for all time intended,
If ever broken, I am no use still mended.

QUESTIONS.

What word is that which contains five E's and no other vowel?
What word contains six I's?
What word four A's?
What word four O's?
What word four U's?

DEFINITIONS.

Behold a river and leave a prepositional.
Behold an animal, and leave a pronoun.
Behold a country of Europe, and leave a country of Europe.
Behold a sound and leave a tool.
Behold a yard, and leave a piece of timber.
Behold a boy's name and leave a station.
Behold a covering for the head, and leave something which, if fresh, is cooling.

EASY NUMERICAL ENTOMIA.

My whole, a proverb of eighteen letters.
1, 7, 15, a fact.
1, 16, 17, a military exercise.
10, 9, 2, prescribed.
4, 3, 2, a prefix from the French, signifying over.
8, 12, 13, a fagot.
6, 14, a pronoun.

METAPHOR.

Change "shut" to "door," using only four intermediate words.

CHARADES.

Each word contains eight letters, four in each division.
1. To drag, and a part of the body. Whole, loss of advantage.
2. Anything that hangs broad and loose, a kind of flag. Whole, a broad cloth.
3. A contract, and a girl. Whole, a female servant.
4. Food, and hale or hearty. Whole, an expression of parting.
5. An ornament, and to revolve. Whole, a list of persons to be prayed for.
6. Assurance, and command. Whole, a companion.
7. A race, and a vessel. Whole, an association under a chieftain.
8. A sudden explosion, and to consume. Whole, a device to gain applause.
9. Anxiety, and smaller. Whole, heedless.
10. Unfinished, and part of the body. Whole, without a certain part of the wardrobe.
11. Behind, and to nip. Whole to defame.
12. To kindle, and margin. Whole, a home.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

RIDDLE—Joseph in the whale.
EASY NUMERICAL ENTOMIA—1. Tenth, case and seat, tent, sea, sea, sea, sea, sea, sea.
2. Mist, rust, mist-rust.
3. Contract, and a girl. Whole, a female servant.

POSITIVE.	COMPARATIVE.
Fond.	Fonder.
Impost.	Imposter.
Pitch.	Pitcher.
Pin.	Pinch.
Cup.	Cupper.

PUZZLE OF SEVEN LETTERS.—Rampart—ram and—pa—pat—part.

NUMERICAL.—Never cut off your nose to spite your face. — Solitaires, Forty, thirty, rascals, preserve, voice, four, on.

WORD BUILDING.—U, us, run, sun, burn, suborn U, pa, rap, part, April, change ENIGMA.—Acquaint Judson.

"PETER."

American boys and girls whose delight in looking at Jumbo and his celebrated legs may have been clouded by remembering how many of the little English cousins across the sea were lamenting the tall old elephant's absence will be glad to know that a new pet has already been found to take Jumbo's place.

They are flocking by hundreds daily to the Zoological Gardens, where once Jumbo reigned and carried them trumpeting upon his broad back, to be introduced to Peter—a splendid specimen of the "Chacma" baboon, whose sparkling countenance and symmetrical shape our artist has here pictured.

Peter came originally from South Africa on a war ship with his master, a British officer, who lately turned his monkeyship over to the "Zoo." It is disagreeable to state that his owner did so to get rid of him—he was fast growing too mischievous to be endured on shipboard. I fear Peter is, in truth, no model for the other monkeys in the Gardens. He steals; he bites; he loves to tear up anything he can once fasten his fingers upon. All this is very sad to learn. Possibly Mr. Barnum will see that he ought to be taught to be a good and happy monkey, and feel bound to buy him for America next year. Travel is so improving to the manners.

Peter has recently had a curious experience. Did any of you ever hear of a monkey who had the toothache, and who took chloroform to get rid of it? Such was Peter's fortune. Day after day the poor fellow sat in one corner of his roomy cage holding his paw close to his cheek. His friends, the children with their mothers and fathers and nurses, stood around pitying him and longing to help him, but in vain.

Peter's jaw began to swell terribly. At length his sufferings came to the point where his keepers said that the cause of all his woe, an aching molar tooth, must be drawn, or the poor fellow would die; for he refused to eat, and seemed to become each day weaker and more dejected. Suddenly a London gentleman, Mr. Hammond, came to the conclusion that he could extract the ailing tooth and save the pet's life.

Peter's illness had made him exceedingly afraid of any strangers—quite as cross, in fact, as a good many of my small readers are when they have the toothache. Mr. Hammond and his assistant, however, entered the cage and politely presented Peter with a nice linen handkerchief well soaked in chloroform.

Peter warily took it, examined it attentively, and presently proceeded—not to smell of it at all, but to calmly lick off all the chloroform with much pleasure. Chloroform must be smelled to best take

effect, not swallowed. The handkerchief was prepared again and again offered. A second time the red tongue made its appearance and spoil Mr. Hammond's kind designs, and indeed for nearly half an hour did Peter cunningly get the best of his friends by licking up the chloroform.

Finally, however, the liquid began to take effect upon him. Peter's bright eyes grew dim, his head drooped. The handkerchief was held tightly to his nose, and suddenly he tumbled over sound asleep, able to undergo any operation without feeling it.

Now was the time for Mr. Hammond. The forceps (ugh!) were produced, and after some quick but careful work the tooth was drawn from the unconscious

tion, which at once showed him to be a monkey of great force of character, as well as easy manners. And how modest and retiring too, to judge from the graceful way in which he has tucked his handsome tail away in the straw.

Poor Peter, exiled from his hot South African jungles and woods, what strange scenes he might describe could he only succeed in acquiring a proper English accent—of dense boundless forests, lashed into a sea of waving boughs at night by hurricanes and tornadoes; of calm moonlight evenings by blue lakes rippled with silver, where the lion comes down like a great stealthy cat to drink and meet a friend for a hunting excursion; and of Mrs.

six, and the majority of them will then be about as far along in the business scale as they ever will be. One or two only, in each of the above branches, will be established in business for themselves, or connected with some firm doing a good business, and the rest will be barely getting a living and growling about their poor luck. Now we assert that there is a good reason for their poor success, and that "luck" has but little, if anything at all, to do with it.

If we take the trouble to ascertain the real facts in their several cases, we shall find that those young men who became masters in their trades, or leading men in their business pursuits, were not afraid to work, and were determined to succeed. They looked beyond the day and week. They made themselves valuable and useful to their employers, by being always faithful, reliable, and willing to do what they could for the interest of those for whom they worked. When a press of business came, they were ready and willing to work extra hours, and without sulking and grumbling, well knowing that business must be attended to when it came, and that there were plenty of dull times during the year, which would more than counterbalance the extra briskness of the busy season. To sum it up, these young men identified themselves with the establishment, where they were employed—became useful to their employers, in fact, fixtures who could be illy spared and in due course of time, having gained experience, were invited to take a hand with the already established house, or else boldly struck out for themselves.

Here, then, is the lesson, which is, if you wish to become successful masters, learn first to become faithful servants.—Household.

IN DES MOINES, Iowa, a Swede was arrested for making a cowardly assault on three peaceable Chinamen who were on their way to Sunday-school. One of the principal witnesses for the prosecution was Ah Yaf, a boy 13 years old. In reply to the question, "Do you know what perjury means?" he promptly responded, "No." The next question was, "Do you know what oath means?" "Yes" was the reply, evinced by holding up his right hand after the manner of witnesses when sworn, adding, "I no tell story, I tell truf." "But," continued the lawyer, "Do you know what will happen to you if you tell a lie here?" "Yes," said Ah Yaf solemnly, pointing upward with his little yellow finger, "I no go to heaven."

ONE OF THE CHRISTIAN LEADERS in the time of the Reformation was told, "All the world are against you;" he replied, boldly, "Then I am against all the world."



PETER, THE BABOON, AT THE "ZOO."

sleeper's jaw, safely, and without rousing him. By-and-by its owner awoke. He seemed wonderfully relieved immediately, but also somewhat dazed and puzzled to find out what had been done to him. At length he settled down comfortably in a corner of his cage to think about it, and recover his spirits. He was quite too proud to ask questions. I doubt if he has discovered yet just what was done to him, although with that broad forehead of his he must be a monkey with a good deal of mind.

And really is he not a striking-looking stranger. Just notice his bold glance and the dignified posi-

Peter (only that is not her married name), who may be wondering all this time why her husband ran away and left her. But there he is, safe in the great London Zoological Gardens, and there he is likely to remain as long as he lives, unless, as I have already suggested, Mr. Barnum buys him and brings him over to America. *Harper's Young People.*

WHAT'S THE REASON?

Take twenty boys of sixteen, in our, or any town in the state, let them go to work, three or four in a dry goods store, boot and shoe finishing establishment, and printing offices. In ten years they will have become men of twenty-

THE LAST STRAND OF THE ROPE.

In the year 1846, on St. Kilda, one of the Islands of Western Scotland, there lived a poor widow and her son. She trained him in the fear of the Lord, and well did he repay her care. He was her stay and support, though only sixteen years of age. They were very poor, and to help their scanty meals, Ronald, her son, used to collect sea-birds' eggs upon the neighboring cliffs. This feat was accompanied with considerable danger, for the birds used often to attack him.

One day, having received his mother's blessing, Ronald set off to the cliffs, having supplied himself with a strong rope, by which to get down, and a knife to strike the bird, should he be attacked. How magnificent was that scene! The cliff rose several hundred feet above the sea, whose wild waves lashed madly against it, dashing the glittering spray far and near.

Ronald fastened one end of the rope firmly upon the top of the cliff, and the other round his waist, and was then lowered until he got opposite one of the fissures in which the birds build, when he gave the signal to his companions not to let him down any farther. He planted his foot on a slight projection of the rock, grasped with one hand his knife, and with the other tried to take the eggs. Just then a bird flew at him and attacked him. He made a blow with the knife; but, oh! horrible to relate, in place of striking the bird, he struck the rope, and severed some of the strands. He hung suspended over that wild abyss of raging waves by only a few threads of hemp. He uttered a piercing exclamation, which was heard by his companions above, who saw his danger, and gently tried to draw him up. Awful moment! As they drew in each coil, Ronald felt thread after thread giving way. "O Lord! save me," was his first agonizing cry; and then, "O Lord! comfort my dear mother." He closed his eyes on the awful scene as he felt the rope gradually breaking. He hears the top; but, oh! the rope is breaking. Another and another pull; then a snap, and now there is but one strand supporting him. He hears the top; his friends reach over to grasp him; he is not yet within their reach. One more haul of the rope. It strains; it unravels under his weight. He looks below at the dark waste of boiling, fathomless water, and then above to the glorious heavens. He feels he is going. He hears the wild cry of

his companions, the frantic shriek of his fond mother, as they hold her back from rushing to try to rescue her child from destruction. He knows no more; reason yields; he becomes insensible. But just as the rope is giving way, a friend stretches forward at the risk of being dragged over the cliff. A strong hand grasps him and Ronald is saved.

Dear reader, if you are unsaved, I want you, in this true and simple narrative, to see your own condition. If living for this world, you are frittering away your precious moments in pursuing

save him, which brought him safely beyond the reach of further danger, and placed him in the arms of his parent! May the Lord reveal to you, dear unsaved one, your danger, that you may flee at once to the Saviour of sinners.—*Friendly Visitor.*

A SAILOR'S STORY.

I've been fourteen years a sailor, Miss Weston, and I've found that in all parts of the world I could get along as well without alcoholic liquors as with them, and better too. Some years ago, when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were

I could find, and gave him all he wanted, and if you'll believe me, Miss, in less than three hours he drank three gallons. The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off, and I thought sure he was gone, but he was sleeping, and as sweetly as a child. In the morning when the doctor came, he asked what time the mate died. "Won't you go in and look at him?" said I. He went in and took the mate's hand. "Why," said he, "the man is not dead! He's alive and doing well! What have you been giving him?" "Water, simply water, and all he wanted of it!" said I. I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did, and now no doctor puts alcoholics down me, or any of my folks, for a fever, I can tell you. I am a plain, unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn me up with alcohol.—*British Workman*

HONESTY IN A CHILD.

In a country school a large class were standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it; I passed it to the next, and the next, and so on through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar—the smallest of the class—and he spelled it right; at least, I understood him so, and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the blackboard, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out, "O, I didn't say it so, Miss W—; I said e instead of i," and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Was not he an honest boy? I should always have thought he spelled it right if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

TWO GARDENERS who were neighbors had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate. Do you know, neighbor, that I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up. What are these?" "Why, these are what I sowed immediately after the frost." "What! coming up already?" said the neighbor. "Yes," replied the other, "while you were fretting I was working."



THE LAST STRAND OF THE ROPE.

perishing trifles. By the cord of life you are suspended over the awful abyss of eternal perdition.

As year after year passes away, the rope of life becomes smaller and smaller. Strand after strand snaps as the knell of each departing year tolls its mournful notes. How many threads are now left, can you tell? Do you realize your awful position? It cannot be worse. How vividly Ronald realized his position in that fearful moment when the last strand was giving way, thread by thread—when, overcome by the sense of his danger, and when that danger was most imminent, a strong hand was stretched out to

sick with the fever, and among the rest, the second mate. The doctor had given him brandy to keep him up, but I thought it was a queer kind of "keeping up." Why, you see, it stands to reason, Miss, that if you heap fuel on the fire, it will burn the faster, and putting the brandy to a fever is just the same kind of thing. Brandy is nearly half alcohol, you know. Well, the doctor gave him up, and I was set to watch him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Toward midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest



The Family Circle.

THE COTTAGE WINDOW PLANT.

"Mother, I turned it yesterday,
And see! it's moving round again;
The naughty thing will have its way,
And minding nothing I can say,
Peeps through the window pane.

"It will keep turning to the light,
Buds, flowers, and leaves, and all;
It has no sense I'm sure, nor sight,
Yet seems as if it reasoned quite,
Or heard its sister call.

"I want to make it bend this way,
And watch me at my book;
But if I read, or work, or play,
If I am sad, or if I'm gay,
I cannot get a look."

"My Annie dear, it seeks the source
Of heat, and life, and light;
Its motions you can never force,
No hand can turn it from its course—
Be sure it moves aright.

"It has a word for thee, my love,
Though mute, a voice Divine;
It bids thee turn to One above,
In whom we live, and breathe, and move;
Thy mother's God and thine."
—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE SILVER CRESCENT.

"But how came a whole village with stores and mills and houses to go to ruin at once?" asked Mary Somers, as she gazed from the hill-top into what seemed a valley of desolation that lay before her.

"There are many stories connected with this ruin," replied dear Mother Wagstaff, at whose farm-house the little party of girls now with her was passing the summer.

"When the railway came through the Centre, the shops and mills went there, too; and after a while the people and the houses followed them. The old church wasn't worth moving."

"I went to school in a building that stood on those timber posts that you see standing out of the ground, just at the left of the old church. We used to wade knee-deep through the snow to get to the school-house, and thaw our frozen hands over the old box-stove, and warm our lunches there at the noon-spell. How the wind blew up under that open foundation! But we enjoyed school for all that."

"The two head girls were Eliza Bond and Katherine Noble, daughters of the Squire who lives in the great house you saw, and of a smart, forehanded farmer. They were rivals in everything—from the head place in the class, to their dress; and as they grew older, in their attentions of the village beaux."

"A fine farm, which a city gentleman had improved and stocked and built a grand house on; and then got tired of, was to be sold at auction. The Squire and the farmer both bid for it, and the farmer succeeded in getting it. He was obliged, however, to place a small mortgage on the farm. He wanted the land."

"Eliza cried a week, and declared she would never stay in town to see Kate Noble strutting round those walks, and picking flowers in that greenhouse!"

"She did stay in town, however, but she gratified her ill-feeling by remarking, within Kate's hearing, that anybody could live in a fine house till the mortgage on it came due."

"As Kate was the most amiable girl, she always had the sympathy of the other scholars when such ill-natured remarks were made."

"In those days medals were used as marks of merit, and the scholar who kept the head of her class for a week, wore one round her neck all the next week. Eliza gained this distinction oftener than any one else; but she never cared for losing it unless Kate won it."

"On one of these occasions, finding no cause for a quarrel, she had a crescent cut roughly out of tin and hung it from her

neck by a blue ribbon, and strutted about so proudly as to make every scholar laugh; and then she looked at Kate and rattled the poor imitation till the ridicule took all her pleasure away in having gained the medal."

"Their last examination day came; and the Judge, and the Governor, and three ministers, and two doctors, and some fine ladies from Boston were there—the latter in great leghorn hats and red crepe shawls. Boston folks rarely came up here then."

"The schoolhouse was trimmed with green boughs and red and yellow flannel roses, and the prizes for the four classes dangled from the festoons."

"The 'first girl's' prize was a real silver crescent; and we all examined it as it hung by its blue ribbon from its green boughs."

"After the head boy had received a fine magnifying glass, presented in a nice little speech, the master put up his hand for the silver crescent, when lo! it was gone!"

"With great confusion he said it was to be given to Miss Kate Noble, and that it would no doubt be found; that it must have been caught off by some shawl or scarf."

"There was a great shaking of dresses and shawls, and the boys made a search among the boughs and on the floor; but in vain."

"When Kate's name was mentioned, the boys began to stamp with their well-greased cowhide boots, and the girls to clap their hands. But the master put a stop to that, saying that we must always remember that when one gained a victory, others were disappointed."

"The poor young master did not go to the judge's to dine, as he had been invited to do, with all the grantees, including the ladies from Boston. He stayed at the school-house to hunt for the crescent. He might as well have gone, however, for it was not found."

"While some of the big boys were still down on the well-sanded floor looking for it, a simple fellow, who came to school from the poor-house, stared at them with open mouth."

"Well, Dickey," said the master playfully, "what do you know about this medal?"

"I hope it ain't buried under the school-house!" cried Dickey.

"The boys laughed, and one said, 'What put that into your head, Dickey?'"

"I heard a boss kickin' outside in meetin'-time," replied Dickey, "and went out to see what ailed him. I see a tall gal, all rigged up in white, a-crawlin' out from under the school-huss, and when that ere was lost, I thought mebbe she'd been a-buryn' on't down there."

"Why, Dickey, a tall girl couldn't stand up under there," the master said.

"I didn't say I see her a-standin' up. I see her a-crawlin' out!" said Dickey, shrewdly.

"Oh yes, and you saw Granny Clift walking about the poor-house after she was buried," said one of the boys. "That was another of your ghosts, Dickey Crump."

"The lost crescent was a seven days' wonder, and then whooping-cough and measles came and gave folks something else to talk about."

"Eliza went off to New York to a grand school, and stayed two years. Then she came home, knowing a great many foreign tongues, and music, and embroidery, and everything that rich men's children learned then. She found Kate already married and owning the beautiful place her father had left her."

"Eliza married the old judge's son, and lived in the great house you saw under the horse-chestnuts."

"These two women had gained more sense now, and the old feud seemed to die out, although they were never intimate. But after some years the scarlet fever broke out among the children, and almost every mother was afraid to help a neighbor lest she might carry home the infection."

"In the midst of it, Kate Noble—that was sent her boys off to her mother-in-law, and went up to Eliza's and watched night after night with her sick boys."

"Sam Drake, a poor old drunken infidel, who used to spend his whole time in bar-rooms, drinking and reviling all who were good, said at that time, 'If all Christians were like Mrs. Kate Raymond, I'd be a Christian too. But as they ain't, I won't jine 'em, and they needn't ask me to!'"

So matters went on till this village had been all moved off, excepting the school-house, and the others that were not worth

moving. But years after, the school-house was sold to an Irishman, for a great pig-sty, and the moving of it was the signal for the boys to congregate—as any stir of that kind always is.

"They jumped over the desks, and hunted for their fathers' and grandfathers' initials, and guessed who cut the flags and the ships on the doors and window-sills."

"Then they went under the building, which you see stood quite high from the ground behind, and kicked round among the old papers, and boxes, and tin-pail covers that, according to a careless custom, had been allowed to accumulate there in the old days."

"Finally a black boy, who always followed the others shouted, 'I've found a rare pretty piece o' tin!' And he held up the crescent, which was lost before the most of them were born."

"The other boys did not think it worth taking from him, and he carried it to the post-office, and showed it to some one there who said it was real silver; and he found an inscription on it which he made out to be, 'May 4th, 1840.'"

"That, of course, set people talking, and started up the old surmises again. The boy sold it for fifty cents, and it went round the village."

"Dickey Crump, who was a life-long resident of the poor-house, got hold of it, and said, 'I knowed it was down there. I see a tall girl come out under there a-holdin' her white gown all round her to keep it clean, and I told two big boys, and they said if I did see her, they could bet who it was, but they darsn't say! That ere's long ago.'"

"Who was it?" some lady asked him. "I won't tell," said Dickey. "If I did, p'raps I'd git 'schuded from the poor-house."

"Eliza's husband was a member of the General Court; and he'd just got home with company from Boston. They were having a grand dinner one day, when one of Eliza's boys came rushing in, and not noticing the company, cried—

"Say, mamma, are you a thief?"

"The child's ardor in defence of his mother brought a peal of laughter from the guests. Little Roy still pulled at her sleeve, and cried, 'Say, mamma, say!'"

"No, my dear," Eliza said, "I am as honest as the day."

"You didn't steal a silver medal and hide it under an old rickety school-house that's a pig-pen now, did you, mamma?"

"Nonsense, Roy," said the mother, looking very pale.

"Well, I don't want any dinner. I'm going up street to lick the boy that said that!" shouted the angry child.

"Eliza excused herself, and led the excited boy from the room. Now, Roy, dear," she said, "eat your dinner quietly with your brothers, and then go and tell that boy if he ever says that again, your papa will see to him!"

"The poor child swallowed a piece of pie almost whole, and then ran off to carry this threat to his little tormentor."

"Of course, then, she did not do it, Mrs. Wagstaff," said one of the old lady's listeners.

"She certainly did do it, my dear; and long after her husband had secured and destroyed the medal, she confessed it to Kate, who was watching with her during an alarming illness."

"She said that by stealing a look at the teacher's mark book, she knew that Kate was the medal scholar, and to save her wounded pride she had slipped the crescent from its place and hidden it among the rubbish which was never cleared out."

"The secret would have slept safely with Kate, who was a noble woman, but the nurse, who was in the next room, heard it all, and gave wings to the story."

"Again the children at school taunted Eliza's boys, and said, 'Didn't we tell you so?'"

"One day her oldest boy, a splendid fellow of twelve years, came home, half in grief and half in anger, saying, 'Mamma, we shall never be done hearing about that medal. That big Whately boy owes me a grudge. He got some tin-foil off some tobacco to-day, and cut a crescent out of it, and pinned it to my back.'"

"I saw all the boys laughing, but I didn't know what it was about, till Dan Clay came up to me and took it off, and said it was a mean thing to do, and that he'd stand by me. I ran home without leave, and on my way met old simple Dickey

from the poor-house, and he began telling me how he saw a handsome young lady crawling from under the school-house seventeen years ago, and then this crescent was missed."

"I threw a stone at him, and told him I'd break his head if he ever said 'Crescent' in this town again. Now, mamma, I'll never enter that school-house again, and if papa tries to force me to, I'll run off to sea and never come home again. And the poor boy buried his face in his hands and burst into tears."

"Eliza's husband soon sold the place, and the family went West; but I'm glad to tell you that Eliza had grown a wiser and kinder woman long before the punishment of that early wrong came to her.—*Youth's Companion.*

AN INCIDENT OF BIRD-LIFE.

People who take an interest in stories of bird-life may remember a curious controversy as to how the cuckoo's egg gets into the nest of the small bird in which it is usually deposited.

From the position of many of the nests in which cuckoo's eggs have been found it seems pretty evident that the female cuckoo cannot have laid her egg in the nest, but, the egg being laid in some other place, must have been conveyed by the bird to the nest. How, without injury or utterly destroying it, could a cuckoo carry her egg, and did she employ bill or feet? has been asked by many people.

The following occurrence which I witnessed will explain how at least one cuckoo's egg was conveyed to the nest. In the month of June, 1867, I spent a few weeks at Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire. Sauntering along the edge of the common one bright sunny morning, I stepped aside to have a look at a stonechat's nest which I had discovered three days previously, when it contained but one egg. This nest was placed in a thick plant of heath, about ten or twelve inches from the ground, well concealed by the heath, except one little open space through which the bird passed to and from her nest, and through this open space the nest and its contents were visible. On my approach the hen bird flew off the nest, and I observed that four eggs were deposited. I continued my walk a little beyond the common to a small hamlet well known among artists for its picturesque old women and donkeys, and, within an hour, again approached the spot where the stonechat's nest was. When I came in sight of it I observed two cuckoos flying about in a most peculiar manner, and one of them uttering peculiar sounds. Both of them seemed to be in a wild state of excitement, and my first impression was that they were a young bird in some nest, and that danger threatened it in the shape of a stoat, weasel, or prowling cat; but cautiously approaching nearer them, I found that they were being mobbed by the two little stonechats. Sometimes both cuckoos would skim rapidly close by the nest, the stonechats darting at their open-beaked, and uttering piteous cries the while; again they would fly off rapidly to the edge of a wood at a little distance, pursued by the male stonechat; the female always hovering near her nest, and occasionally alighting on a bush close to it.

Could it be possible that the cuckoo had deposited her egg in the stonechat's nest, and was this the manner in which the owners expressed their resentment at the intrusion? Taking advantage of a longer flight to the wood than had yet been made, I ran toward the nest, and saw at a glance that it contained the four stonechat eggs, and no more, and in a few moments I was ensconced among some very long heather at a short distance from the spot, but quite near enough to be able to observe all that might happen. Presently back came the cuckoos, the one which I took to be the male (on account of the slightly richer color of the plumage) "cuckooing" in a wonderful manner, uttering the note much more rapidly than is usual, and the female swooped down very closely to the nest, paused for a moment in her flight; and, being vigorously attacked by the stonechats, glided past; but I saw that her beak was partially open, as though she carried something within her gape. Evidently her object was to reach the nest, and it was truly marvellous to behold the determination and courage of the two little nites of birds in their efforts to prevent her reaching it. Very skilful, too, were the

No. 12.—Willie Lawson, 10; Robert M. bbs, 10; David McGee, 7.

